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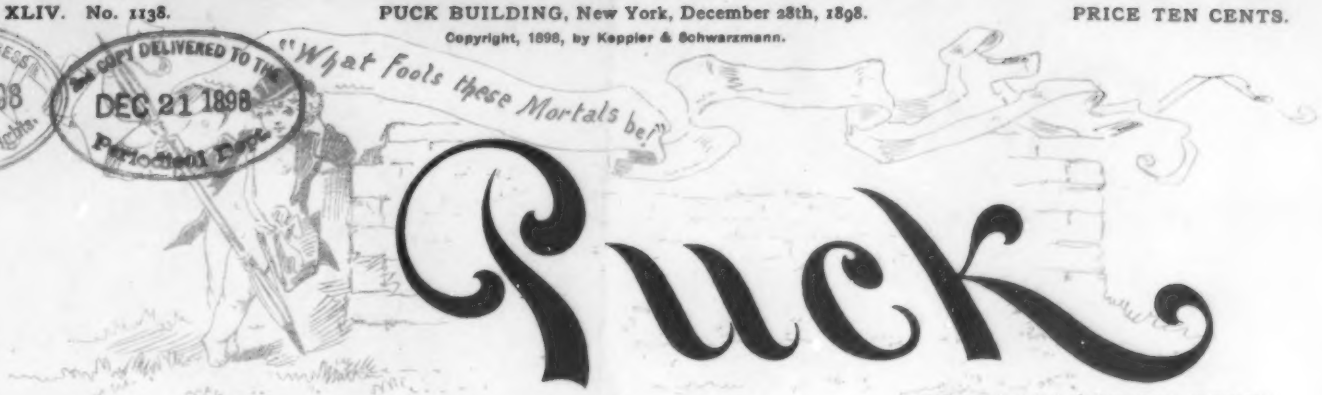

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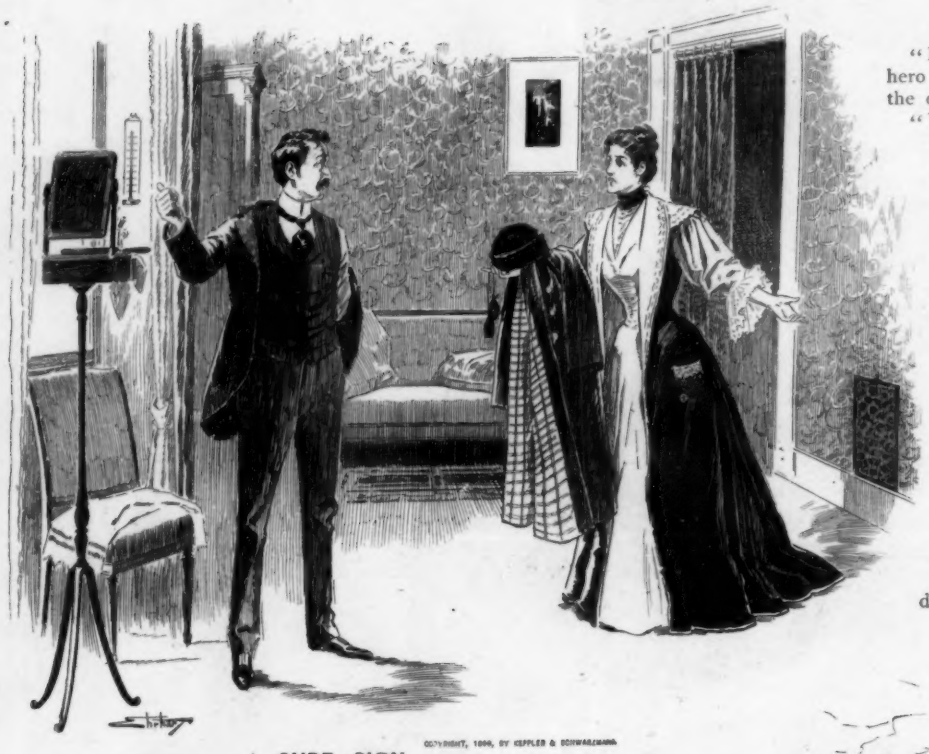
ONE OF THE CAUSES.

THE AMERICAN GIRL IS DRAWING THEM CLOSER TOGETHER.



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A SURE SIGN.

MRS. DAWSON.— Here is your heavy ulster, your ear-muffs, and your fur cap. It is going to be bitter cold to-day!

MR. DAWSON *(in surprise)*.— Why! the thermometer only registers thirty-five! What makes you think it is going to be bitter cold?

MRS. DAWSON.— Because there is n't the least particle of heat coming out of the registers!

A DISTINCTION.

"In the romantic novel, the hero and heroine married at the end of their troubles."

"Yes?"

"While in the realistic novel they marry at the beginning."

THE DIFFICULTY.

"Whenever the people are aroused they 'll soon down either Platt or Croker."

"Yes; but they don't seem able to down both of them at the same time."

PEACE ON EARTH.

If no sound of clashing arms is heard
In this Christmas season glad,
It 's doubtless because the war news
Is crowded out by an "ad."

ENGLAND IS mistress of the seas; but the seas take a good many afternoons off, besides having a deal of company evenings.

HIS TROUBLE.

BROWN.— What sort of a man is Spriggins?

SMITH.— Well, you can't get an idea into his head, and you can't get an idea out of his head.

HIS MARRIAGE.

An astronomical event
Is scheduled very soon;
The world will shortly be eclipsed
Behind a honeymoon.

PARDONABLE.

LADY.— I don't want that parrot you sold me; all it does is swear!

BIRD DEALER.— Well, do you blame it?— it 's a Spanish parrot.

IT DOES N'T require so much ability to take advantage of things that happen as of things that don't happen.

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GREAT LUCK.

FIRST URCHIN.— Hev a cigar! I got a box of 'em at Christmas!

SECOND URCHIN.— Yer did?

FIRST URCHIN.— Yes; me mudder give 'em to me fader, and he chucked 'em away back uv de woodshed!

CUPID'S PLIGHT.

I MET ONE snowy Christmas Eve
A tiny wight who sore did grieve.
"Heigho!" thought I, "I do believe
'T is Cupid, or his double!
And who are you, my little man?"
I questioned him, while faster ran
His tears. "What 's wrong? Now, if you can,
Come, tell me, sir, your trouble!"

"Please, sir, I 'm Cupid," sobbed the wight,
"And — and Saint Nicholas to-night
Doth make his visit, and my plight —
Boo-hoo! — is very shocking!
I badly need a brand-new bow,
I 've not an arrow left, I know;
My quiver, too, is broke; — and, oh!
I have n't any stocking!"

Richard Stillman Powell.

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AN OCCIDENTAL CHESTERFIELD.

"YOU CAN talk about the superiority of Eastern courtesy over that of the 'Rowdy West,' as you people enjoy callin' it," said Alkali Ike, apropos of a gentle criticism dropped by the intellectual gentleman from New England, who was touring Oklahoma; "but the East an' the West look at sech things from different standpoints. You people's politeness runs to forms an' ceremonies, to the fashionable bow an' the latest handshake — the politeness of words an' motions. The courtesy of the West is the politeness of the heart, of respect an' good wishes. One is a pure nugget, the other a gold-brick; yours is like sody-water, pretty-lookin' enough, but nuthin' but sweetened wind, after all, — ours is like old whiskey, all thar, jest what it pretends to be, an' good all the way down.

"The courtesy of the West never inquires as to the social standin' of the other feller; it don't look at the coat nor the connections; it believes that a man is a man an' a lady is a lady, family or no family, good clothes or shabby. All of which kinder reminds me of a little episode that happened some time back on the stage comin' from Frozen Man.

"I was settin' on the box with the driver, old Whoop Sladdock, an' we was siftin' along at Whoop's usual clip, the four mules layin' right out straight, an' the coach hittin' few but the high places. Inside was a couple of pale Eastern sightseers, a red-nosed drummer an' a hatchet-faced old maid lady from Connecticut with what you might call ghastly little spit-curls in front of her ears an' the intention of doin' missionary work among us heathens out yere in the benighted West. Directly, as we was slashin' along through the timber by Woxahoochee creek we sorter sailed over a stump about three feet high, an' thar was a thump on the underside of the roof of the coach, follered by remarks. Pretty soon the lady stuck her head out of the winder an' called:

"'Driver!'

"'Mom?' says Whoop, pullin' down the mules.

"'Do you use profanity, driver?' asked the lady.

"'Yes, Mom!' says he, plenty polite; — 'anything I can do for you that-a-way, Mom?'

"'Does your friend swear, too?'

"'Yes, Mom,' says he, handin' me the lines an' gittin' down; — 'Ike is right handy in that line. What can we do for you, Mom, if it 's a fair question?'

"'Will you and your friend take these leaflets and read them?' says she, handin' out a couple of little papers.

"'Shore thing, Mom!' says Whoop, takin' 'em. 'I hain't no ellercutionist, but I 'll do the best I can. This yere one 'pears to be a circular advertisin' — er — H'm! — the Other Place, an' p'intin' out the easiest way to git thar. It says: 'The pathway to —' H'm! — If you 'll excuse me, Mom, this yere dockymunt is jes' a trifle too — er — er — stout, as it were, for me to read to a lady. Anything to be obligin', but — H'm! —'

"'Oh! I did not mean for you to read them to me,' says she. 'I wish you and your friend to preserve those tracts and read them at your leisure.'

"'Why, shorely, Mom!' says Whoop, lookin' mighty relieved. 'An', if you 'll excuse me for sayin' it, I 'll own right up that it 's a hoss on me, thinkin' that you wanted 'em read to you. Call it a joke, Mom!'

"'Certainly, driver!' says she. 'You are a gentleman, despite your unconventional manner. This man here' — pointin' to the red-nosed drummer, who was grinnin' like a badger — 'uttered an oath, and when I asked him to accept a tract he scoffed at me.'

"'Why, — ha! ha!' grinned the drummer; — 'when the coach gave that fearful jolt a few moments ago my head was frightfully bumped against the roof, and I said Damnation! or something of the kind, and —'

"'Aw! you did; did you?' said Whoop, glarin' at him. 'Wal, I 'm yere to say that the gent who swears in the presence of a lady is no gentleman, an —'

"'But, my good man —,' says the drummer.

"'Looky yere, you blanked cuss!' broke in Whoop, bristlin' up. 'Who in roarin', sizzlin' torment are you callin' your good man? I want you to understand — by blank! — that I ain't nobody's good man, — blankity-blank you! Swear in the presence of a lady, will you? — you eternally tortured son-of-this-an'-that! Now, you jest take that thar blankity-blanked tract an' read every blasted word of it, or I 'll ram it down your everlastin'ly condemned throat — rippity-sizzledy blankity-blank you! Thar, Mom, I reckon you won't hear no more profanity out of him!'

"An', with a polite bow, old Whoop hopped up on the box ag'in, leavin' the occupants of the coach gaspin' like catfishes; yelled to the mules, an' away we sifted. Fine old feller, Whoop is — perfect gentleman, if ever I seen one!"

Tom P. Morgan.

THE SIGNALS OF GRIGGS.

You may remember Griggs as the man who had a mind. At the time that I wrote about that useful member of his make-up he was living out in New Jersey, but he was finally brought to see the error of his ways and took the top flat in a nine-story house, without an elevator, 'way uptown.

The other evening I went to call on them (for Griggs is married). He had not come home, but his wife let me in and helped me to a sofa to recover from the effects of my climb. I have been up the Matterhorn and Popocatapetl, but I never felt so exhausted as I did after walking up those nine frightful flights. And Mrs. Griggs told me that she thought nothing of running up and downstairs a dozen times a day, which was a sad commentary on her truthfulness.

After I was there a few minutes, trying to get used to the notes of two lusty and country-bred children (offspring of Mr. and Mrs. Griggs), there came a feeble and dejected ring at the front-door bell. Mrs. Griggs hastened to the kitchen — they do not keep a servant (that was their trouble in New Jersey, but now they don't want to); and after pressing the electric button that opened the front door she said, "That 's poor Mr. Griggs. He must be feeling badly to-night, and I must put the children to bed before he gets up, as he is too nervous to stand their noise.

I was somewhat astonished, but she ripped the clothes off of her buds of promise and popped them into bed with a skill and rapidity that would have secured her a position on the vaudeville stage. After they were covered up she returned to me. Of course Mr. Griggs had not yet arrived, and I asked her how she knew he was tired.

"Why, we have a code of signals. Mr. Griggs invented them. When he has done well downtown he taps out a merry peal on the bell and then I tell the children to greet him at the hall door and prepare for a romp. When the bell rings sharply I know that he is in no humor for fun but will tolerate the children if they are quiet. But when he rings slowly and faintly, as he did to-night, I always put the dears to bed, as I know he has had bad luck and is worn out."

As she spoke Griggs opened the hall-door and staggered in, weak from his superhuman climb and worn out from his day's work. I said: "Good by, old man; I 'll call some day when you 're going to give the bell the glad hand. You seem cosily situated." And then I came down in the dumb-waiter, although I suppose it was risky.

What a great thing is an electric bell! But how much greater is an inventive mind like that of Griggs.

Charles Battell Loomis.

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A NEEDED FORMALITY.

CLARA.— Ethel says he has n't proposed.

ALICE.— Oh, well! actions speak louder than words!

CLARA.— Yes; but Ethel wants words!

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AN EASY DISCOVERER.

WEARY WILLY.— Sir Isaac Newton was lying under an apple tree, snoozing, w'en an apple fell on his head and he discovered de great law uv gravitation.

SNIPSEY BUTTS.— Yes. I t'ink Sir Isaac must have been a very wise man from de way he had of discovering t'ings.

SALT RESEMBLES sugar, it is true; but, being no longer a woman, it is to be doubted if Lot's wife got much comfort out of mercly looking sweet.

WRITTEN UPON HIS FACE.

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I.

DISTRACTED LOVER.— Oh! what a fool I made of myself before her! How cruel I was! I deserve her everlasting hatred! Oh! how I love her! I will sit down and write her a letter asking her forgiveness.

II.

"Oh! this appears so cold-blooded; written words can not express my repentance.

II.

"Oh! I can't write! I can't write! I will go and see her myself —

III.

— "and tell her, on my bended knees, what a fool I have been.

SAME THING, ONLY DIFFERENT.

DOCTOR EMDEE.—Women, you know, are very subject to nervous prostration.

MR. WICKLOW.— Don't men have it?

DOCTOR EMDEE.— No; men have irritability.

THEY OFTEN ARE.

DRUMMER. — How is your local brass band?

LANDLORD PETTYVILLE TAVERN *(sourly)*.— It is like a child; — to be appreciated, it should be seen and not heard.

THE PROBABILITY is that things are neither as black as they are painted, nor as white as they are whitewashed.

NEXT TO real musical culture is the ability to seem delighted when you are not.

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LOCAL COLOR.

THE VISITOR.— Doan' be skeered ob me, chillun! I ain't de bogey man!
LITTLE LUCRETIA.— We knows you ain't. De bogey man am a white man.

CHRISTMAS IN "HELL'S KITCHEN."

"SAY! It 's like dis. I pinches a bit of dat dinky spinach dey calls 'missiltoe' in de Gansevoort Markit, an' I brings it wit' me, an' right outside o' Kerrigan's Plug Hat I meets Mame Riley. She wuz gitten a pint fer her old man, who was jist home from de gas-works.

"I holds de missiltoe over her head an' I sez: 'Say! Mame, it 's de proper t'ing dat de guy dat holds dis stuff over a goil's head at Chrismis' can kiss her; an' I 'm goin' to tear off a couple.'"

"Well?"

"Well, she jist looks at me an' sez, 'G'wan!' an' while I wuz wonderin' if dat wuz a threat or an invertation, along comes Casey, de copper, an' kisses her, himself. Den dey bot' gimme de laugh an Mame chases herself home 'fore de froth could die on de can.

"Say! would n't dat jar you for a hard-luck Chrismis story?"

Roy L. McCardell.

YOU CAN'T always judge a man by his clothes; but you can, sometimes, get some idea of him by his wife's clothes.

TOO MANY RUFFLES.

"Do you know what Bridget said about that white chrysanthemum you brought home?"

"No; what was it?"

"She said if she was expected to wash and iron that dratted thing, she would quit."

AN UNEXPECTED RETURN.

REAL ESTATE MAN.— The man who went to look at those lots in Swampville came back and said he could n't locate the property.

HIS PARTNER.— H'm! That accounts for his coming back.

APPREHENSION.

BURGLAR *(on trial)*.— I don't like de looks of dis jury.

FRIEND.— No; dey look as if dey was prejudiced ag'in' burglary.

YOUNG MEN try to air their knowledge; old men try to avoid airing their ignorance.

POLITICS MAY make strange bedfellows, but they are always willing to lie on their own side.

V.

"O Maud! forgive me! You can see written upon my face the lines of distress and misery."

VI.

MAUD.—Yes, George. I see lines of some kind written upon your face. Certainly I will forgive you. Now go home and give your face an oxalic acid bath.

VII.

THE DISTRACTED LOVER.— Well, I 'll be hanged! Once a fool always a fool, I guess.

A BALLAD OF OLD SKATES.

I SEE A HOST of little men
Troop by from school at half-past three,
And presently troop back again,
Skates on their arms, in highest glee.
The gleaming blades throw back to me
A shaft of sunlight and are gone;
And then, as in a dream, I see
The old-time skates that buckled on!

They *all* come back — the good old ways! —
The legend that to boy and man
The cars showed on propitious days —
"*Good skating on Branch Brook*" it ran.
From that hour Boreas began
His reign till disenthroned anon,
There were no dearer treasures than
The old-time skates that buckled on!

Good skating? Well! Four months of it!
(The Winter months *then* got their dues!)
And many a night saw bonfires lit
Upon the ice — and barbecues!
At six, with heel-plates in my shoes,
My best boast was that I could don,
With all their clumsy straps and screws,
The old-time skates that buckled on!

Young man, the modern skate 's a "champ"
And "just perfection," you declare;
But I 'll be bound the clever clamp
Does not increase the sport a hair.
I 'm in the forties now, my share
Embonpoint; but, by Helicon!
If I could skate I still would wear
The old-time skates that buckled on!

Edward W. Barnard.

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A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

WARWICK. — So your Theosophical society has become extinct? I supposed it was a glorious success since one of your members had discovered that he was the reincarnation of Socrates.

WICKWIRE. — Well, that was a great discovery for a common man to make, and things went along very smoothly until one of our lady members suddenly discovered that she was the reincarnation of Xantippe!

REPARTEE HAS probably lost as many men their jobs as it has made others their reputations.

AS TO HEREDITY.

ISAACS. — You do nod pelieve dot ve inherid our quvalities from our forefaders?

COHENSTEIN. — Surely nod! If my forefaders hat de same peesness apility as me, vould I hat to begin mitout vun cendt?

LOOKING FORWARD.

"Of course," said the moralist, "we must make hay while the sun shines."

"That is true," replied the scientist; "but there is little doubt that posterity will be able to do it by electric light."

INFORMATION.

JONES. — Who said "a rolling stone gathers no moss?"

SMITH. — That is a quotation from a fruitless appeal to a suburban servant girl to stay another month.

HIS STATUS.

ASKINS. — What do you think of Trilliger?"

GRIMSHAW. — Oh! he is one of the "good fellow, but ——" sort of men.

CORRECT.

TEACHER. — Can any one tell me the meaning of activity?

BINGO BENTON. — Yes'm; — it 's what yuh have to have when yuh catch a chicken.

UNFORTUNATELY.

"If we all had equal opportunities — "

"We would not all be equal to them."

SOME PEOPLE seem to pass all their days in continual expectation of the unexpected.

AS LONG as Virtue is its own reward it is liable to be spasmodic.

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AN ARGUMENT.

"The minister asked me how I could defend the practice of skating on Sunday."

"What did you say?"

"I said it might thaw on Monday."

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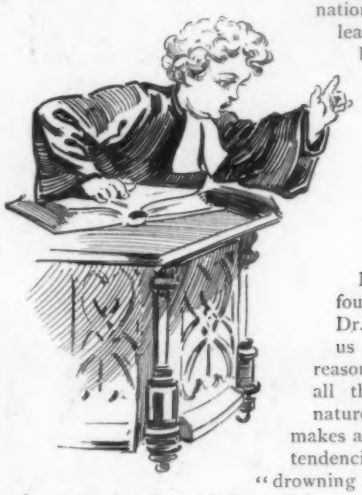
CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

PUCK'S CHRISTMAS SERMON.

DEARLY BELOVED, it is my habit at this time to say a few words to you about your well-being. I have something of interest to say now. There can be no longer any doubt that the world is going to the bad. The facts have been decisively construed the past year by authorities so eminent that it were willful to dispute them. Great statesmen, great essayists, great teachers and great divines agree in it. Our degeneration is palpable. Our literature is decadent; our drama a tawdry commercial device; our statesmen are all politicians; our national ideal is selfish greed; and we are leaving the church. The alarum has been rung with good diligence by a few earnest ones; but we are too far gone. What is the virtue of one *Evening Post*, stalwart though it be, in a world of political corruption? What is one Dr. Da Costa in a world of dissenters, or one Dr. Parkhurst in a world of wickedness?



* * *

Dr. Da Costa has warned us that the foundations of the church are crumbling. Dr. Parkhurst tells us why, and shows us that we must cease to hope. The reason is that we are bad—just plain bad, all through. "Human nature is a bad nature;" "Behaving one's self regularly makes a man tired." Noting that "natural tendencies are corrupt tendencies," he says "drowning the world is a scheme possessing such merits of simplicity and thoroughness that it might almost seem strange that the Lord has not resorted to it with greater frequency." "The scientists," he continues, "think they discover in the world a tendency in things to become better, but scripture is a voluminous illustration of the tendency of men to go not from bad to good, but from good to bad and from bad to worse, and it is no truer to facts of ancient Hebrew life than it is to what goes on among nations and individual people now."

* * *

It will be seen that, unless the Lord and Dr. Parkhurst are at variance, the world may be drowned again almost any day, Dr. Parkhurst having thrown out the hint. But what can we do? Surely we can not reverse the law of our being any more than we can reverse the motion of the earth upon its axis. If it be the divine law that we shall go from bad to worse, why, we must go on being bad and worse. There is no way out of it. There is, however, a palliative, an old and familiar remedy: we can make the best of it.

* * *

If we must go to the devil we can at least do it gracefully. We may be failures, but we are created beings and our Creator, therefore, has bungled the job. Assuming that His intentions were good, He must feel far worse over His failure than we possibly can. Let us be gentlemanly about it, then. Let us not embarrass Him by crying His awkwardness in high places. Let us pretend that we think He has done very well, indeed. Let us even politely wonder how He ever came to do so finely with such poor material. And let us go along together to the devil with a good heart.

* * *

This is really the only thing left to do, and I think that Christmas is a time very favorable to the doing of it. For one thing, it brings us closer to children. We do not learn from them one-tenth of what we might learn. There is more in the glad laugh of a little child,—more science, more philosophy, more religion, more truth—than could be put into words by all the preachers of the universe in all the years of time. It is ours for the taking; and, someway, we take more of it at Christmas than at any other time. And not only do we take heart from children, but, by some spiritual alchemy, we all become children together. Perhaps we realize then as at no other time that we must all be children always; that we elders have but learned a few more lessons, dreamed a few more dreams, tested a few more hopes and suffered a few more hurts; that we are big children but no less childish for that; bad—utterly bad, as Dr. Parkhurst says—but always striving with a child's inconsequence and a child's weakness to be happy. And I think we always shall strive to be happy, no matter how bad the Parkhursts convince us we are. For there is a Something in us that these persons do not use in their reckoning. I don't know why they omit it; owing to their livers or something, probably; may be their theology. But we discover this Something especially at Christmas. It is that queer little twinge of joy we feel at having made some one else happy, whether a child with a wooly sheep or a grown-up with a sedater toy; or, perhaps, with only a warm good-wish. Somewhere along there, lying close to the surface, too, is a wonderful secret, one that all the wise men of the world have sought since men were: the secret of happiness. Perhaps no one really knows it yet; perhaps, again, we have all heard it and would not believe it,—it was so simple. Anyway we come near enough to feeling it at Christmas to want to make the best of everything, even through the gloom of our prophets. For my part, I think the Lord will not drown the world again for another twelve months, at least. And, though we are certainly bad, I think it is a wonderfully beautiful kind of badness, after all, if you only have the eyes to see it that way.

PUCK, D. D.

PETITIONING FOR ADMISSION.

WARWICK.—England wants an alliance with us pretty badly. She seems to be getting uncommonly friendly.

WICKWIRE.—Yes; I believe she is now willing to ratify our constitution at any time.

IT MIGHT facilitate matters if the Weather Bureau would give the Street Cleaning Department about six weeks' notice of the exact date of each snowstorm.

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PROBABLY.

"I 'd like to find some business that is n't overcrowded."

"If you do, you 'll probably find that there is n't anything in the business to attract a crowd."

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"CHARITY BEGINS AT

AMERICAN COMMERCE.—While you 're opening doors, Uncle Sam, don't for

J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

EGINS AT HOME."

e Sam, don't forget you 've got a door here that should be opened!

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AN EXPLANATION.

THE FOX.— Good morning, friend. I 'm afraid there is something about me you don't like.

THE BIRD.— Well, you 're right! It 's your appetite.

A MATHEMATICAL DEMONSTRATION.

ROBINSON.— You don't consider it unlucky to have thirteen people at table?

JENKINS.— Not at all! Suppose some misfortune *did* happen to one of them — would n't the other twelve be dead-lucky to escape?

SHE LEARNED THE BUSINESS.

FRIEND.— Did n't you manage Madame Highnote in her first season?

MANAGER.— Yes; — the second season she managed me.

CRUEL FATE.

THE INSECT.— Alas! Little did I think an hour ago, when I was bright, gay and careless, that I would ever squirm in the interest of science. Ugh!

YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TELL.

"Here is an account of another beggar who died in apparent poverty, and, after his death, it was found that he had several bank-books and some valuable securities."

"The moral of which is, never be disrespectful to your poor relations."

HE THOUGHT NOT.

OLD GENTLEMAN *(suddenly entering parlor)*.— Young man, don't you think you have been holding my daughter in your lap long enough?

YOUNG MAN.— N-No, sir! It is n't time to go yet.

WORDY.

"YOU HAVE no manners!" Johnson said;
His face with anger burned.
"And you 're a fool devoid of brains!"
The other man returned.

"You 're just the chump I 'd like to whip! —
I 'd do it for a cent!"
"You could n't whip me in a year!"
Replied the other gent.

And so it went, each took his turn,
In language harsh, to "jaw,"
'Til Central cut off both their 'phones,
And called the fight a draw.

Bide Dudley.

A BURST OF FRANKNESS.

MERCHANT.— What are your qualifications for this business?

APPLICANT.— I can't get anything else to do.

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CARRIED.

"Did they decide to make it a stag racket?"

"Oh, yes! The married men voted unanimously that way!"

ONE OF THEIR STRONG POINTS.

SALESMAN.— Now, Madam, look at these antique, solid oak dining-room chairs.

CUSTOMER.— They must be decidedly uncomfortable.

SALESMAN.— A — yes, Ma'am. Style of 1650, you know — when comfort was not in fashion.

LETTING HIM DOWN EASY.

BRADLEY.— How 'd you like the poem I sent you the other day?

EDITOR.— Good! Unusually good! Almost good enough to print!

WHEN SOME people assume to be pleasant they act as if they had a disagreeable but unavoidable duty to perform.

THE CONSENSUS of opinion is that it will be a cold day when the North Pole is discovered.

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INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE.

LITTLE ELSIE *(Christmas morning)*.— I guess Santa Claus's wife does his shopping for him?
MAMA.— Why, what put such an idea into your little head?
LITTLE ELSIE.— Well, this doll has been marked down from one dollar to sixty-nine cents!

ART.

SAID MRS. MCFADDEN, the maker of gowns,
"I have dreams of a parlor artistic;"
And she bought a new carpet, Egyptian design,
Hieroglyphics in circles quite mystic.

The wall was soon papered to match it in art
With vast candelabra in yellow;
They spread over space with unspeakable grace,
Each looking with scorn at its fellow.

The ceiling was low and o'er it were massed
Gold circles that whirled in a cyclone.
Said Mrs. McFadden, "My eyes I will gladden
With pictures of taste and of high tone."

She framed her marriage certificate first,
To agree with the wedding-ringed ceiling,
And opposite placed a print labelled "From Faust,"
With Marguerite gracefully kneeling.

A picture of Dewey, a family group,
A scene in Toronto in Winter,
An engraving of Washington doing his best
To look like a Yale foot-ball sprinter.

Some plates on brass brackets, a Japanese screen,
Or Assyrian — I am not certain;
Plush rockers and tea-cups and albums and mats,
A drapery, tidy and curtain.

"Behold!" said Mrs. McFadden, "a room
As dressy and tasteful as any!"
Which opinion, I scarcely need tell you, my friends,
Was echoed with vigor by many. *J.*

A NEW PERIODICAL.

RECOGNIZING the necessarily hurried existence of him who would keep up to the pace of an American citizen, we feel sure our new paper will fill a long-felt want. Already our medicines, stimulants, and even nourishments, are prepared in capsules. Doubtless our clothing will eventually undergo the same diminution. Indeed, the bathing-suit and bicycle-skirt already foreshadow this movement. Compression is our aim everywhere, and nowhere is it needed more than in our absurdly voluminous periodicals. *The Capsule*, then, will be welcomed by a large public, who will be glad to have its reading-matter in a minimum of manner.

Verbum sap., Multum in Parvo, and he who runs may read.

Carolyn Wells.

DAILY. THE CAPSULE — TAKE ONE. N. Y. D. 1. '8.

POETRY.

Snow
Here,
Days
Drear,
Pipes
Froze,
Warm
Clothes.
Buds
Shy,
Flowers
High.

STORY.

Maude loves Claude. Claude loves Maude. All goes well. Enter Sylvia, with an indescribable charm, and a gown of some soft, clinging white stuff. Claude, in a character-study, valiantly resists the dictates of his own ignoble heart, but finally pacifies himself with sophistries and flies with Sylvia. Maude weeps; starts to drown herself. She is somewhat theatrically rescued by Lord Cecil, on whom, in a burst of gratitude, she bestows her hand. After many years Claude and Maude meet and make the regulation discoveries as to the immitigability of their early love. Denouement as usual.

JOKES.

The Dewey Who Did.

In Harlem Flat: Obliged to build compressed air castles.

Hall Caine — not able.

FASHION NOTES.

Feathers on Hats.
Trains on Gowns.
Sleeves smaller.
Furs.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A.: Yes. — B.: No.
C.: Certainly.

CURRENT NEWS.

Egyptian Question.

More Dreyfus.

Congress talking.

WEATHER REPORT.

Uncertain.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MONEYMAKER SPECIALS.
Much for Nothing.
Come!

AT BURNS'S.
More for Less.
Come!!

SUITEM & CO.'S.
Prices Dropped.
Drop in!

POP. BOOKS.

Rup. of Hent. Hel. of Ban.
The Gad. The Chris.

REPORT OF WOMAN'S CLUBS.

Rights.
Slights.
Fights.

SPORTING NOTES.

Skating.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Vaudeville.

SOCIETY NOTES.

Opera.

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THEY EXCHANGE VIEWS.

UNCLE JOSH.— Yes; I 'd ruther pay the baker than the doctor, as the sayin' is!

THE ATTENDANT.— Yes; an' there 's some folks in this neighborhood that don't believe in payin' either of 'em!

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Heads the List of the Highest-Grade Pianos.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the genuine SOHMER Piano with one of a similar sounding name of a cheap grade.

Our name spells—

S—O—H—M—E—R

New York Warerooms, SOHMER BUILDING 170 Fifth Ave., Cor. 22d St.

A SCIENTIST is n't considered smart these days unless he invents something that explodes and kills at least three people.—*Atchison Globe.*

No Christmas Table should be without a bottle of *Dr. Siegert's* Angostura Bitters, the finest appetizer imported from South America.

Indigestion Has No Terrors For Him

That salt-shaker is filled with **Pepsalt**

Pepsalt...

is the best of table salt, into every grain of which is incorporated digestive substances natural to the stomach. Fill your salt-cellar with ***Pepsalt*** and use it in place of salt at your meals. If you have indigestion your stomach does not supply the necessary amount of the dissolving or digestive juices. ***Pepsalt*** taken in place of salt at your meals makes good this deficiency, as you take with every mouthful of your food a similar substance to that which is required and at the right time, and your indigestion is a thing of the past.

Send for sample in salt-shaker bottle and try it.

Price 25 cents, postpaid.

THE VAUPEL SAMARITAN CO., 43 Sherifi Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

PEPSALT CURES AND PREVENTS INDIGESTION

WE hope the Santiagos will be admitted to the national league next year.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

Evans' Ale lends good cheer and brings light-heartedness and surrounds you with an atmosphere of good will and peace with the world. Like the cup of true happiness it has no dregs.

Clubs, Cafés, Chop Houses, Restaurants, Hotels, Everywhere!

No. 4711. WHITE ROSE GLYCERINE SOAP.

Transparent as crystal. The perfect cleansing properties and absolute purity, as well as the refined and delicate perfume of this toilet soap, have placed it at the apex of all.

SOLD UNIVERSALLY. SAMPLE CAKE 15 CENTS.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, U. S. AGENTS, NEW YORK

Red Top Rye

"Built to Fit the Taste!"

DO YOU ENTERTAIN?

Your Guests will appreciate the Age, Purity and Exquisite Bouquet of Red Top Rye.

FERDINAND WESTHEIMER & SONS,

DISTILLERY: Daviess Co., Ky. CINCINNATI, O. ST. JOSEPH, MO.

SEND us $2.00 for 50 Costa Rica Cigars. The highest grade 5c. cigar of the century. Guaranteed all Havana filler.

VINCENT BACIGALUPO, 814 Pine St., ST. LOUIS, Mo.

Don't Quit Golf

When snow flies. Board the Santa Fe's quick California Limited, bound for Southern California links.

They play there all winter. Only 2¾ days from Chicago.

Address General Passenger Office,

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway,

CHICAGO.

THE King of Siam's favorite hymn is said to be "Just 'S-I-am."—*L. A. W. Bulletin.*

Easy Walking, Increased Height, Arched Instep, Better Fitting Shoes, Ease and Comfort,

GILBERT'S HEEL CUSHION WORN INSIDE THE SHOE

By wearing GILBERT'S HEEL CUSHIONS. Do not require larger shoes. Invisible, durable, healthful. Increase height ¼ to 1 in. ½ in high, 25c., ¾ in., 35c.; 1 in., 50c. Ladies' or men's. SPECIAL OFFER: Send name, size of shoe, height desired, and 2c. stamp for pair on 10 days' trial. Gilbert Mfg. Co. 56 Elm St., Rochester, N.Y

GEORGE NOT IN IT.

FIRST STREET ARAB.—It says here dat George Washington once trew a silver dollar acrost de Potomac river.

SECOND STREET ARAB.—Aw—dat 's nutting! Me fader once t'rew Silver-Dollar Smith out uv his own barroom.

Hunter The American Gentleman's Whiskey.

10 YEARS OLD

Baltimore Rye.

Pure and Mellow.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

HE.—Do you believe in home rule?

SHE.—This is so sudden.—*Adams Freeman.*

BENEDICT'S TIME. (Trade-Mark.)

END VIEW DIAMONDS SIDE VIEW

AND WATCHES

A Specialty.

WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CHAINS, RICH JEWELRY, AND SILVERWARE.

Only perfect Cuff, Sleeve, and Collar Button made. Goes in like a wedge and flies around across the buttonhole. Strong, durable, and can be adjusted with perfect ease. No wear or tear.

None genuine but those having the name "BENEDICT" and date of patent stamped upon them.

BENEDICT BROTHERS,

Keepers of the City Time, *BENEDICT BUILDING,* Broadway and Cortlandt Street, N. Y.

ESTABLISHED 1821.

OLD POINT COMFORT.

Six-Day Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The first of the present series of personally-conducted tours to Old Point Comfort via the Pennsylvania Railroad will leave New York and Philadelphia on Tuesday, December 27.

Tickets, including luncheon on going trip and one and three-fourths days' board at old Point Comfort, and good to return direct by regular trains within six days, will be sold at rate of $15.00 from New York; $13.50 from Trenton; $12.50 from Philadelphia, and proportionate rates from other points.

For itineraries and full information apply to Ticket Agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadway, New York; 789 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; or Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.

Ask your Dealer
for the "Good Luck Flask."

WORLD'S STANDARD

Popular Cocktails.

Purity, Perfect Distillation,
Scientific Blending.

The Most Delicious of Drinks.

"They touch the spot."

WHISKEY, MANHATTAN, MARTINI,
VERMOUTH, BRANDY, GIN, ETC.

EAGLE LIQUEUR DISTILLERIES,
RHEINSTROM BROS.,
Distillers and Exporters. *Cincinnati.*

The Best is the Cheapest

***Rae's Olive Oil** is both the best and cheapest, quality considered.*

The Chemical Analysis of S. Rae & Co.'s **Finest Sublime Lucca Oil**, made Sept. 15th, 1896, by the Ledoux Chemical Laboratory, declares it to be "unadulterated by admixture with any other oil or other substance. It is free from rancidity and all other undesirable qualities, and it is of **Superior Quality and Flavor.**"

S. RAE & CO., Leghorn, Italy.

Established 1836.

"MANUFACTORY TO CONSUMER DIRECT"

KING CALF

The Regal

"English" Enamel Button.

ENGLISH ENAMEL BUTTON: made on English last of finest imported Enamel, with best kangaroo top. The soles are all Flint-Stone Oak. The same style also in Patent Calf.

$3.50 PER PAIR.
$3.75 TO ANY ADDRESS IN U.S.

L.C. BLISS & CO.
MAIL ORDER DEPT.
109 SUMMER ST. BOSTON, MASS.

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BOSTON, PROVIDENCE, NEW YORK, BROOKLYN, PHILADELPHIA, BALTIMORE, WASHINGTON, ATLANTA, PITTSBURG, CLEVELAND, DETROIT, CHICAGO, DENVER, ALBANY, N.Y., UTICA, N.Y., BUFFALO, N.Y., CINCINNATI, ST. LOUIS, WALLA WALLA, WASH.

Send postal for Fall Catalogue A. and Booklet "Care of Shoes."

HIS REASON.

MR. NEWLYWED KELLY *(loudly)*.—Yis! Oi insist on hoving him named aither Michael, or John, or Felix, or Dan, or Terrance, or Vincent, or Shamus, or Jerry.

MR. DROGAN *(perplexed)*.—Why?

MR. NEWLYWED KELLY *(in a whisper)*.—Sh! I want me woife to name him Pat.

A hop-skip-and-jump feeling, the sort that always follows a course of treatment where Abbott's—The Original Angostura Bitters, is the prescription.

A hot-weather beverage—A piece of ice, some sugar, lemon and a bottle of *Cook's Imperial Champagne*, extra dry.

Blakemore Whiskey 7 Years Old

NOTHING BETTER MADE OR SOLD

Matured in wood and bottled in bond under Governmental Supervision.

If your dealer hasn't it send us TWELVE DOLLARS and we will have sent to your address by express prepaid a sample case containing TWELVE BOTTLES.

FREIBERG & WORKUM
Cincinnati, Ohio.

BARKEEPERS FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mnfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

WASHINGTON.

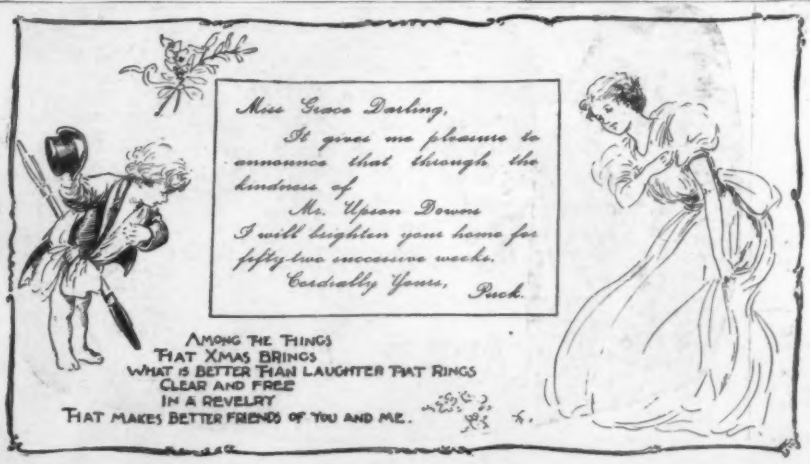
Holiday Tour via Pennsylvania Railroad.

December 27 is the date selected for the Personally-Conducted Holiday Tour of the Pennsylvania Railroad to Washington. This tour will cover a period of three days, affording ample time to visit all the principal points of interest at the National Capital, including the Congressional Library and the new Corcoran Art Gallery. Round-trip rate, covering all necessary expenses for the entire time absent, transportation, hotel accommodations, guides, &c., $14.50 from New York, $13.50 from Trenton, and $11.50 from Philadelphia. Proportionate rates from other points.

SPECIAL TEACHERS TOUR.

A special teachers' tour, identical with the above, will be run on the same date. Tickets for this tour, covering all necessary expenses, including accommodations at the National Hotel, Willard's Hotel, or the Hotel Regent, $2.00 less than rates quoted above. Side trip to Mount Vernon and admission to the grounds, fifty cents additional. Side trip to Old Point Comfort, returning via the Cape Charles Route until January 1, $4.00 additional.

For itineraries and full information apply to Ticket Agents; Tourist Agent, 1106 Broadway, New York; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia.



Puck's Christmas Card.

Many people have, no doubt, often thought of a year's subscription to PUCK as

. . A Suitable Christmas Present . .

but have refrained from giving it, owing to the difficulty of making the presentation. The usual plan has been to present a receipted bill from the publishers; but as this is like putting the price-mark on a present, that plan has never been popular. It remained for PUCK to overcome this difficulty. If you desire to present a subscription to PUCK to anybody, send us Five Dollars, and his (or her) name and address, which will be entered in our Subscription Book for one year, and receive from us by return of mail a Card designed by C. J. TAYLOR, of which this reduced sketch gives the design in outline.

This card, (size 7x4¾ inches,) printed in five colors and gold, is truly a work of art, worthy of a place in an Album, or to be framed, thus being a perpetual reminder of the giver. The names of giver and receiver are *printed* on the card as indicated.

Now, here is something tangible to give;
To send by mail to distant dear ones;
To put in the stocking, or to lay under the X-mas tree.

Remember, there is no charge for the Card (which, by the way, comes in a fine envelope), nor for the printing in of the names; our only aim is to show our friends a unique way of making a suitable X-mas present.

Address: PUCK, NEW YORK

General Arthur Cigars.

More critical smokers smoke the GENERAL ARTHUR cigar than any other cigar in the world.

They have smoked it for years. They keep on smoking it because it never fails them. It is always the same — a sweet, aromatic, delicate, satisfying smoke.

Your dealer probably sells them. If he does n't, we will send you 12, packed in a tin box, for $1.00, express prepaid. That is a small price, but we want you to make the acquaintance of the GENERAL ARTHUR.

Christmas is at hand. Give GENERAL ARTHUR cigars and you 'll be sure you 're giving the best.

Send us a two-cent stamp for a rather noisy little Folder.

KERBS, WERTHEIM & SCHIFFER, New York.

IF the young lady shows you a speaking likeness it is your turn to say something. — *Adams Freeman.*

Your Salary

depends on your value. Technical knowledge will greatly increase your value. Study at home. Success guaranteed. Best text books free.

STENOGRAPHY

Bridge Steam, Electrical or Civil Engineering; Mathematics; Chemistry; Mining; Architectural or Mechanical Drawing; Surveying; Plumbing; Architecture; Metal Pattern Drafting; Prospecting; Book-keeping; English Branches

TAUGHT BY MAIL $2.00 a Month

Circular free. State subject you wish to study. Estab. 1891. 45,000 students and graduates. The International Correspondence Schools, Box 918 Scranton, Pa.

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who appreciate the best of everything, always travel by

THE OVERLAND LIMITED

Because the equipment, consisting of modern double Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars, Buffet-Smoking and Library Cars with Barber, Dining Cars in which meals are served a la carte, and Tourist Sleeping Cars, provides every comfort for all classes of passengers. Train leaves Chicago at 6.30 p. m.

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

ALL AGENTS SELL TICKETS VIA THE

Chicago & North-Western Ry.

PRINCIPAL AGENCIES:
461 BROADWAY.....NEW YORK.
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212 CLARK ST.....CHICAGO.

20TH CENTURY ELECTRO VAPOR ....LAUNCH....

Seats 8, Speed 6 miles, costs to run 1½c per hour. Guaranteed for one year or money refunded. PRICE. $200. Send 10c. for large catalogue of Steam and Sail Yachts, Launches, etc., in steel, wood and aluminum

RACINE BOAT MFG. CO., Lakeview, Racine, Wis.

The Improved **BOSTON GARTER**

Is the recognized STANDARD for MEN'S WEAR.

Keeps the Stocking Free from Wrinkles

DOES NOT BIND

THE Velvet Grip CUSHION BUTTON CLASP

Lies flat to the leg. Does not tear the stocking, and will not unfasten accidentally.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Sample Pair by Mail { Silk, 50c. Cotton, 25c.

GEORGE FROST CO. BOSTON, MASS.

Arnold Constable & Co.

Underwear.

Men's, Women's and Children's Underwear of Cartwright & Warner's Celebrated Make, in Wool, Merino, Camel Hair, and Silk and Wool.

Hosiery.

Ladies' and Children's Hose and Half Hose. Men's Hosiery, Golf and Bicycle Hose. Golf and Cardigan Jackets, Cloth and Wool Gaiters.

Broadway & 19th st.

NEW YORK.

FIRE insurance agents stand around at a fire with a look of "I told you so!" —*Washington Democrat.*

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid* east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St., Chicago.

TACTICS.

"How do you expect to vote?" inquired the stranger in North Carolina.

"Well," was the answer, "we 'll decide that when we give the ammunition out. We have nt made up our minds whether we 'll vote by squads or platoons." —*Washington Star.*

BARYER.—Do you think the Cubans are capable of governing themselves?

HODER.—Well, they may not be up to as many tricks as our politicians, but it would n't take them long to learn. — *Roxbury Gazette.*

LAZINESS and dirt never quarrel.—*Ram's Horn.*

ARE YOU A JUDGE OF GOOD WHISKEY?

Then you will be fully satisfied with the use of

Somerset Club Maryland Rye

Which from Mellowness of Age, Exquisite Flavor and Tonical Effects Is the Connoisseur's Choice.

TRADE MARK

Used by Families, Clubs, Cafes and Hotels.

Sold at all first-class Grocers and by Jobbers.

EDW. B. BRUCE & CO., Baltimore, Md

GOOD MEN NOT NEEDED.

STRANGER. — I should think such an enterprising, public-spirited citizen as Mr. Goodman would be nominated for some important office in this community.

POLITICIAN. — He would run well, but we don't need him.

"Don't need him?"

"No. We're always sure of a big majority, anyhow."—*New York Weekly.*

A MATRIMONIAL ONE.

"Now you are mine for life!" exclaimed the happy bridegroom. "The chain has been forged."

"I am a victim of an endless chain, am I?" replied the bride, joyously. — *Detroit Free Press.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

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A WONDERFUL WOMAN.

"Yes," said Mr. Prospect Parke, of Brooklyn; "my wife is a wonderful woman. Just look at these beautiful Moss-rose buds she hand-painted on these green plush ear-muffs!"

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A POOR EXCUSE.

SCRIBBLER.—Spacer says he writes all his poetry while under the influence of liquor!
READER.—Oh, well!—drunkenness is no excuse for crime, you know!

HIS SOLICITUDE.

"What platform will you choose for your campaign?" inquired the friend.

"To tell you the truth," answered Senator Sorghum "it is n't the platform itself about which I give myself most concern. It keeps me busy looking after the people who are trying to saw the timbers out from under it."—*Washington Star.*

"FUNNY how money flies, is n't it?" remarked Mr. Neverspend. "Yesterday I had a five-dollar bill in my pocket and all I have to show for it to-day is four dollars and seventy-eight cents."—*Bicycling World.*

TRAMP.—How long have I been tramping around? Oh! about ten years.

INQUIRER.—Then you don't know what it is to have a home?

TRAMP.—Oh, yes, I do!—but when I had a home I did n't.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

BILL.—Old Squeers took gas and had a tooth out.

JILL.—Did he, indeed?

"Yes; and he said it hurt more with the gas than it would have without it."

"How's that, I wonder?"

"Why, don't you understand? He had to pay for the gas."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

SOME people who never do anything very bad, never do anything very good, either.—*Atchison Globe.*

LUCKE'S ROLLS

hand-rolled **A Revelation To AMERICANS.** hand-rolled

Not a Cigar, Cheroot, Stogie or Cigarette, Something new and fine.

Called "Rolleros" by the native epicures of Porto Rico—made by native methods.
We call them **"ROLLS,"** so named by the men of Gen. Brooke's command.
We have secured about all of this, the best leaf raised in Porto Rico.
The last cargo of 500 bales is now unloading for us in New Orleans.
This stock is pronounced equal to the rarest Vuelta.
"Lucke's Rolls" leave no excuse for high-priced cigars. No 2 for 25c. cigar now made equals them in richness.
Their flavor and aroma is absolutely matchless.

Act at once upon this
PROPOSITION
It may not appear again.

100 in stout wood **BOX** prepaid anywhere **$1**

Send us $1.00 only.

We *prepay* delivery anywhere in U. S.
If you don't say—on trying them—that territorial expansion is a good thing—and that **"Lucke's Rolls"** are **an easy, mellow, rich smoke** and equal (in quality not size) to any 2 for 25c. cigar now made **your $1 back—quickly and willingly.**
Do not distrust this offer.
It is generous and absolutely faithful.
We employ 2000 hand work-people.
We are good for what we say. Ask any bank or mercantile agency.
Send at once—you are not likely to see this offer again.

J. H. LUCKE & CO.,
16 Lucke Block, Cincinnati, O.
Extensive hand-makers of the special smokes.

A LUCKE ROLL. (from photo)

SHE.—Ah! after all, the old friends are the best.

HE.—No; if you want to borrow money they're not.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

HENRY LINDENMEYR & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE,
32, 34 and 36 Bleecker Street, BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman Street, } NEW YORK.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

OPIUM and **Liquor Habit** cured in **10** to **20** days. No pay till cured. **Dr. J. L. Stephens, Dept. L, Lebanon, Ohio.**

There is no Kodak but the Eastman Kodak.

Holidays are Kodak Days

Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

YOU can tell an army captain by the company he keeps.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

DON'T TAKE IT!

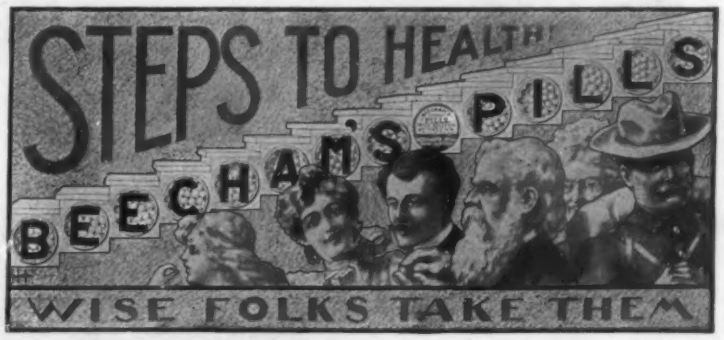
If your dealer offers you another collar button and says "it's just as good" as the

KREMENTZ ONE-PIECE COLLAR BUTTON

There's no "just as good" kind made. You get a new one in case of accident of any kind. All jewelers sell them. Insist on getting the KREMENTZ.
Postal us for booklet.

KREMENTZ & CO., 39 Chestnut St. NEWARK, N. J.,

IT takes a windy man to blow his own trumpet.—*Ram's Horn.*



JOSH BILLINGS ONCE SAID

"It ain't sow much wat fokes nos as hurtz 'em, as wat thay nos as ain't sow;" and this is especially true relative to the use of spirituous liquors as a beverage. The idea that pure Wines are injurious is totally without foundation. "No more delightful conclusion to a dainty meal can be imagined or devised than the Scuppernong Clarets and Rhine Wines placed on the market by Garrett & Co., of Weldon, N. C. The greatest care is exercised in the manufacture of these articles as well as of all the other wines which they sell; and, combining tonic and medicinal properties with a fitness for table use, they are, in the judgment of connoisseurs, unsurpassed by any wines on earth. The PURE Blackberry is especially celebrated, because of its virtue as a curative in cases of intestinal disorders. In the last five or six years, a partially successful attempt has been made to educate "folks" to an understanding of the fact that a stimulant is not necessarily an intoxicant, and that a proper use of good Wines will rapidly decimate inebriation, which invariably results from the use of cheap "rum." In this movement Garrett & Co. are "Pioneers," and nothing pleases them more than to welcome visitors to their Wine Cellars at Weldon, or at 1123 Broadway, New York City, where Captain Walter I. Joyce is in charge. Write for a copy of "S A. L. Magundi" to Advertising Department, Weldon, N. C.

AN Atchison girl studied music from the time she was twelve years old until she was twenty-eight, and dressmaking ever since.—*Atchison Globe.*

"THINK ON THIS!"

You can leave New York by the New York Central at 5.00 o'clock every afternoon, and dine in San Francisco the fourth evening following.

3,400 miles in four days.

No other line than the New York Central can do this.

A booklet on the "Lake Shore Limited," containing also a novel and unique descriptive time table of this wonderful train, will be sent free by addressing George H. Daniels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

A SMALL AND EARLY.

On Christmas I dined at an hour
Which well might be classed as unseemly,
But though you shut me in a tow'r
I 'll still say I liked it extremely.
The napery, whilst hardly new,
In places was strikingly snowy;
The china, in Delftest of blue,
Attractive without being showy.
Indeed, I was pleased with my lot,
And though she said, "bestes'" and "mostes',
And "Is n't I?" for "Am I not?"
I had an unparagoned hostess.

The table, it 's true, was quite small —
So tiny, in fact, that I fear it
Would never have answered at all
Had I not *floored* myself to be near it.
The service was rather unique,
But marked by dispatch (if not neatness!);
The tea was transparent and weak,
And ev'ry course cloyed with its sweetness.
My bones and my back ached again;
Yet, as I 'm a penitent sinner,
I truly regretted it when
The breakfast-bell ended our dinner.

I sat at the end of the day
Beside a board rich of complexion;
Its master a man who can play
The part of the host to perfection.
A man whom I envied lang syne
His wealth and his high social standing;
But, somehow, a feeling more fine
Than envy my breast 's now commanding;
For Heaven 's denied him one gem
That I proudly wear — the wee daughter
Who dined me at 7 A. M.
On the dishes St. Nicholas brought her.

Edward W. Barnard.

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